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SIXPENCE.

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THE BRITISH ADVANCE IN THE WEST: THE STORMING OF THE LOOS ROAD REDOUBT.

The Loos Road Redoubt is—or rather, was—a fortified tongue of land jutting out of the German first-line trench at a point where it is joined by a footpath to Loos from "Le Rutoir." The redoubt was semicircular in form, and was protected by a network of every imaginable type of barbed-wire entanglements and sand-bags, forming a veritable jungle. The British guns had been particularly busy with it, and had almost blasted

it out of recognition, leaving a tangled mass of broken wire and mounds of earth and debris. A company of the Scottish troops, headed by bombers, rushed it at dawn on the Saturday (September 25), and, worming their way through the spider's web of wire, broke through it and the fire-trenches beyond. No obstacle could stay their advance, and, after a short struggle, the Germans turned and fled.

DRAWN BY ALFRED BASTIEN FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICER PRESENT AT THE ACTION.—[COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.]



# THE BRITISH LINES.

By ARNOLD BENNETT.

## THE PLAIN.

YOU should imagine a large plain, but not an empty plain, nor a plain entirely without hills. There are a few hills, including at least one very fine eminence (an agreeable old town on the top), with excellent views of the expanse. The expanse is considerably diversified. In the first place it is very well wooded; in the second place it is very well cultivated; and in the third place it is by no means uninhabited. Villages abound in it; and small market towns are not far off each other. These places are connected by plenty of roads (often paved) and canals, and by quite an average mileage of railways. See the plain from above, and the chief effect is one of trees. The rounded tops of trees everywhere obscure the view, and out of them church-towers stick up; other architecture is only glimpsed. The general tints are green and grey, and the sky as a rule is grey to match. Finally the difference between Northern France and Southern Belgium is marked only by the language of shop and café signs; in most respects the two sections of the Front resemble each other with extraordinary exactitude.

The British occupation—which is marked of course by high and impressive cordiality—is at once superficially striking and subtly profound.

"What do you call your dog?" I asked a ragamuffin who was playing with a nice little terrier in a village street where we ate an *al fresco* meal of jam-sandwiches with a motor-car for a buffet.

He answered shyly, but with pride:

"Tommy."

The whole country-side is criss-crossed with field telegraph and telephone wires. Still more spectacular, everywhere there are traffic directions. And these directions are very large and very curt. "Motor-lorries dead slow," you see in immense characters in the midst of the foreign scene. And at all the awkward street corners in the towns, but in many and many a rural road you come across a rival of the Strand. For the traffic is tremendous, and it is almost all mechanical transport. You cannot go far without encountering, not one or two, but dozens and scores of motor-lorries, which, after the leviathan manner of motor-lorries, occupy as much of the road as they can. When a string of these gets mixed up with motor-cars, a few despatch-riders on motor-cycles, a peasant's cart, and a company on the march, the result easily surpasses Piccadilly Circus just before the curtains are rising in West End theatres. Blocks may and do occur at any moment. Out of a peaceful rustic solitude you may run round a curve straight into a block. The motor-lorries constitute the difficulty, not always because they are a size too large for the country, but sometimes because of the human nature of Tommies. The rule is that on each motor-lorry two Tommies shall ride in front and one behind. The solitary one behind is cut off from mankind, and accordingly his gregarious instinct not infrequently makes him nip on to the front seat in search of companionship. When he is established there impatient traffic in the rear may screech and roar in vain for a pathway; nothing is so deaf as a motor-lorry. The situation has no disadvantage for the trio in front of the motor-lorry until a Staff Officer's car happens to be inconvenienced. Then, when the Staff Officer does get level, there is a short, sharp scene, a dead silence, and the offender creeps back, a stricken sinner, to his proper post.

## GENERALS AND STAFFS.

The encumbered and busy roads, and the towns crammed with vehicles and vibrating with military activity, produce upon you such an overwhelming impression of a vast and complex organisation that your thought rushes instantly to the supreme controller of that organisation, the man ultimately responsible for all of it. He does not make himself invisible. It becomes known that he will see you at a certain hour. You arrive a few minutes before that hour. The building is spacious, and its Gallic aspect is intensified by the pure Anglo-Saxonism of its terrific inhabitants. In a large outer office you are presented to the various brains of the Expeditionary Force, all members of the General Staff—famous names among them, celebrities, specialists, illustrious with long renown. They walk in and out, and they sit smoking and chatting, as if none of them was anybody in particular. And as a fact, you find it a little difficult to appreciate them at their lawful worth, because you are aware that in the next room, behind those double doors, is he at whose nod the greatest among them tremble.

"The Commander-in-Chief will see you."

You go forward, and I defy you not to be daunted. The inner chamber has been a drawing-room. It still is partially a drawing-room. The silk panels on the walls have remained, and in one corner a grand piano lingers. In the middle is a plain table bearing a map on a huge scale. There he is, the legendary figure. You at last have proof that he exists. He comes towards the door to meet you. A thick-set man, not tall, with small hands and feet, and finger-nails full of character. He has a short white moustache, and very light-coloured eyes set in a ruddy complexion. His chin is noticeable. He is not a bit dandical. He speaks quietly and grimly and reflectively. He is a preoccupied man. He walks a little to and fro, pausing between his short, sparse sentences. When he talks of the Germans he has a way of settling his head

and neck with a slight defiant shake well between his shoulders. I have seen the gesture in experienced boxers and in men of business when openly or implicitly challenged. It is just as if he had said: "Wait a bit! I shall get even with that lot—and let no one imagine the contrary!" From the personality of the man there emanates all the time a pugnacious and fierce doggedness. . . . After he has formally welcomed you into the meshes of his intimidating organisation, and made a few general observations, he says, in a new tone: "Well—", and you depart. And as you pass out of the building the thought in your mind is:

"I have seen him!"

After the Commander-in-Chief there are two other outstanding and separately existing notabilities in connection with the General Staff. One is the Quartermaster-General, who superintends the supply of all material; and the other is the Adjutant-General, who superintends the supply of men. With the latter is that formidable instrument of authority, the Grand Provost Marshal, who superintends behaviour and has the power of life and death. Each of these has his Staff, and each is housed similarly to the Commander-in-Chief. Then each Army (for there is more than one army functioning as a distinct entity)—each Army has its Commander with his Staff. And each Corps of each Army has its Commander with his Staff. And each Division of each Corps of each Army has its Commander with his Staff. And each Brigade of each Division of each Corps of each Army has its Commander with his Staff; but though I met several Brigadier-Generals, I never saw one at his headquarters with his Staff. I somehow could not penetrate lower than the entity of a Division. I lunched, had tea, and dined at the headquarters of various of these Staffs, with a General as host. They were all admirably housed, and their outward circumstances showed a marked similarity. The most memorable thing about them was their unending industry.

"You have a beautiful garden," I said to one General.

"Yes," he said. "I have never been into it."

He told me that he rose at six and went to bed at midnight.

As soon as coffee is over after dinner, and before cigars are over, the General will say:

"I don't wish to seem inhospitable, but—"

And a few minutes later you may see a large lighted limousine moving off into the night, bearing Staff Officers to their offices for the evening séance of work which ends at twelve o'clock or thereabouts.

The complexity and volume of work which goes on at even a Divisional Headquarters, having dominion over about twenty thousand full-grown males, may be imagined; and that the bulk of such work is of a business nature, including much tiresome routine, is certain. Of the strictly military labours of Headquarters, that which most agreeably strikes the civilian is the photography and the map-work. I saw thousands of maps. I inspected thick files of maps all showing the same square of country under different military conditions at different dates. And I learnt that special maps are regularly circulated among all field officers.

The fitting-out and repairing sheds of the Royal Flying Corps were superb and complete constructions, at once practical and very elegant. I visited them in the midst of a storm. The equipment was prodigious; the output was prodigious; the organisation was scientific; and the staff was both congenial and impressive. When one sees these birdcages full of birds and comprehends the spirit of flight, one is less surprised at the unimaginable feats which are daily performed over there in the sky northwards and eastwards. I saw a man who flew over Ghent twice a week with the regularity of a train. He had never been seriously hit. These airmen have a curious physical advantage. The noise of their own engine, it is said, prevents them from hearing the explosions of the shrapnel aimed at them.

## SUPPLY, ETC.

The British soldier in France and Flanders is not a self-supporting body. He needs support, and a great deal of support. I once saw his day's rations set forth on a tray, and it seemed to me that I could not have consumed them in a week of good appetite. The round of meat is flanked by plentiful bacon, jam, cheese, and bread. In addition there are vegetables, tea, sugar, salt, and condiments, with occasional butter; and once a week come two ounces of tobacco and a box of matches for each ounce. But the formidable item is the meat. And then the British soldier wants more than food; he wants, for instance, fuel, letters, cleanliness; he wants clothing, and all the innumerable instruments and implements of war. He wants regularly, and all the time.

Hence you have to imagine wide steady streams of all manner of things converging upon Northern France not only from Britain but from round about the globe. The force of an imperative demand draws them powerfully in, night and day, as a magnet might. It is impossible to trace exactly either the direction or the separate constituents of these great streams of necessities. But it is possible to catch them, or at any rate one of them, at the most interesting point of its course: the point at which the stream, made up of many converging streams, divides suddenly and becomes many streams again.

That point is the rail-head.

Now a military rail-head is merely an ordinary average little railway station, with a spacious yard. There is nothing superficially romantic about it. It does not even mark the end of a line of railway. I have in mind one which served as the Headquarters of a Divisional Supply Column. The organism served just one division—out of the very many divisions in France and Flanders. It was under the command of a Major. This Major, though of course in khaki and employing the same language and general code as a regimental Major, was not a bit like a regimental Major. He was no more like a regimental Major than I am myself. He had a different mentality, outlook, preoccupation. He was a man in business. He received orders—I use the word in the business sense—from the Brigades of the Division; and those orders, ever varying, had to be executed and delivered within thirty-six hours. Quite probably he had never seen a trench; I should be neither surprised nor pained to learn that he could only hit a haystack with a revolver by throwing the revolver at the haystack. His subordinates resembled him. Strategy, artillery-mathematics, the dash of infantry charges—these matters were not a bit in their line. Nevertheless, when you read in a despatch that during a prolonged action supplies went regularly up to the Front under heavy fire, you may guess that fortitude and courage are considerably in their line. These officers think about their arriving trains, and about emptying them in the shortest space of time; and they think about their motor-lorries and the condition thereof; and they pass their lives in checking lists and in giving receipts for things and taking receipts for things. Their honour may be in a receipt. And all this is the very basis of war.

My Major handled everything required for his division except water and ammunition. He would have a train full of multifarious provender, and another train full of miscellanies—from field-guns to field-kitchens—with letters from wives and sweethearts in between. And all these things came to him up the line of railway out of the sea simply because he asked for them and was ready to give a receipt for them. He was not concerned with the magic underlying their appearance at his little rail-head; he only cared about the train being on time, and the lorries being in first-class running order. He sprayed out in beneficent streams from his rail-head tons of stuff every day. Every day he sent out two hundred and eighty bags of postal matter to the men beyond. The polish on the metallic portions of his numerous motor-lorries was uncanny. You might lift a bonnet and see the bright parts of the engine glittering like the brass of a yacht. Dandyism of the Army Service Corps!

An important part of the organism of the rail-head is the Railway Construction Section Train. Lines may have to be doubled. The Railway Construction Section Train doubles them; it will make new railways at the rate of several miles a day; it is self-contained, being simultaneously a dépôt, a workshop, and a barracks.

Driving along a road you are liable to see rough signs nailed to trees, with such words on them as "Forage," "Groceries," "Meat," "Bread," etc. Wait a little, and you may watch the Divisional Supply at a further stage. A stream of motor-lorries—one of the streams sprayed out from the rail-head—will halt at those trees and unload, and the stuff which they unload will disappear like a dream and an illusion. One moment the meat and the bread and all the succulences are there by the roadside, each by its proper tree, and the next they are gone, spirited away to camps and billets and trenches. Proceed further, and you may have the luck to see the mutton which was frozen in New Zealand sizzling in an earth-oven in a field christened by the soldiers with some such name as Hampstead Heath. The roasted mutton is a very fine and a very appetising sight. But what quantities of it! And what an antique way of cooking!

As regards the non-edible supplies, the engineer's park will stir your imagination. You can discern every device in connection with warfare. (To describe them might be indiscreet,—it would assuredly be too lengthy) . . . . Telephones such as certainly you have never seen! And helmets such as you have never seen! Indeed, everything that a soldier in full work can require, except ammunition.

The ammunition-train in process of being unloaded is a fearsome affair. You may see all conceivable ammunition, from rifle cartridges to a shell whose weight is liable to break through the floors of lorries, all on one train. And not merely ammunition, but a thousand pyrotechnical and other devices; and varied bombs. An officer unscrews a cap on a metal contraption, and throws it down, and it begins to fizz away in the most disconcerting manner. And you feel that all these shells, all these other devices, are simply straining to go off. They are like things secretly and terribly alive, waiting the tiny gesture which will set them free. Officers, handling destruction with the nonchalance of a woman handling a hat, may say what they like—the ammunition-train is to my mind an unsafe neighbour. And the thought of all the sheer brain-power which has gone to the invention and perfecting of those propulsive and explosive machines causes you to wonder whether you yourself possess a brain at all.

## THE HIDDEN ARMY.

You can find everything in the British lines except the British Army. The same is to be said of the French lines; but the indiscoverability of the British Army is relatively



much more striking, by reason of the greater richness and complexity of the British auxiliary services. You see soldiers—you see soldiers everywhere; but the immense majority of them are obviously engaged in attending to the material needs of other soldiers, which other soldiers, the fighters, you do not see—or see only in tiny detachments or in single units.

Thus I went for a very long walk, up such hills and down such dales as the country can show, tramping with a General through exhausting communication-trenches, in order to discover two soldiers, an officer and his man; and even they were not actual fighters. The officer lived in a dug-out with a very fine telescope for sole companion. I was told that none but the General commanding had the right to take me to that dug-out. It contained the officer's bed, the day's newspapers, the telescope, a few oddments hung on pegs pushed into the earthen walls, and, of equal importance with the telescope, a telephone. Occasionally the telephone faintly buzzed, and a very faint, indistinguishable murmur came out of it. But the orderly ignored this symptom, explaining that it only meant that somebody else was talking to somebody else. I had the impression of a mysterious underground life going on all around me. The officer's telescopic business was to keep an eye on a particular section of the German front, and report everything. The section of front comprised sundry features extremely well known by reputation to British newspaper readers. I must say that the reality of them was disappointing. The inevitable thought was: "Is it possible that so much killing has been done for such trifling specks of earth?" The officer made clear all details to us; he described minutely the habits of the Germans as he knew them. But about his own habits not a word was said. He was not a human being—he was an observer, eternally spying through a small slit in the wall of the dug-out. What he thought about when he was not observing, whether his bed was hard, how he got his meals, whether he was bored, whether his letters came regularly, what his moods were, what was his real opinion of that dug-out as a regular home—these very interesting matters were not even approached by us. He was a short, mild officer, with a quiet voice. Still, after we had shaken hands on parting, the General, who had gone first, turned his bent head under the concealing leafage, and nodded and smiled with a quite particular cordial friendliness. "Good afternoon, Blank," said the General to the officer, and the warm tone of his voice said: "You know—don't you, Blank?—how much I appreciate you." It was a transient revelation. As, swallowed up in trenches, I trudged away from the lonely officer, the General, resuming his ordinary worldly tone, began to talk about London music-halls and Wish Wynne and other artists.

Then on another occasion I actually saw at least twenty fighting men! They were not fighting, but they were pretending, under dangerous conditions, to fight. They had to practise the bombing of a German trench—with real bombs. The young officer in charge explained to us the different kinds of bombs. "It's all quite safe," he said casually, "until I take this pin out." And he took the pin out... We saw the little procession of men that were to do the bombing. We saw the trench, with its traverses, and we were shown just how it would be bombed, traverse by traverse. We saw also a "crater" which was to be bombed and stormed. And that was about all we did see. The rest was chiefly hearing, because we had to take shelter behind such slight eminences as a piece of ordinary waste ground can offer. Common wayfarers were kept out of harm by sentries. We were instructed to duck. We ducked. Bang—Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Then the mosquito-like whine of bits of projectile above our heads! Then we ventured to look over, and amid wisps of smoke the bombers were rushing a traverse. Strange to say, none of them was killed, or even wounded.

On still another occasion I saw a whole brigade, five or six thousand men, with their first line-transport, and two Generals with implacable eyes watching them for faults. It was a fine, very picturesque display of Imperial militancy, but too marvellously spick-and-span to produce any illusion of war. So far as I was concerned, its chief use was to furnish a real conception of numbers. I calculated that if the whole British Army passed before my eyes at the same brisk rate as that solitary and splendid brigade, I should have to stare at it night and day for about three weeks, without surcease for meals. This calculation only increased my astonishment at the obstinate indiscoverability of the Army.

Once I did get the sensation of fighting men existing in bulk. It was at the baths of a new division—the New Army. I will mention in passing that the real enthusiasm

of Generals concerning the qualities of the New Army was most moving—and enheartening.

The baths establishment was very British—much more British than any of those operating it perhaps imagined. Such a phenomenon could probably be seen on no other front. It had been contrived out of a fairly large factory. It was in charge of a quite young subaltern, no doubt anxious to go and fight, but condemned indefinitely to the functions of bath-keeper. In addition to being a bath-keeper this young subaltern was a laundry-manager; for when bathing the soldiers left their underclothing and took fresh. The laundry was very large; it employed numerous local women and girls at four francs a day. It had huge hot drying-rooms where the women and girls moved as though the temperature was sixty degrees instead of being over a hundred. All these women and girls were beautiful, all had charm, all were more or less ravishing—simply because for days we had been living in a harsh masculine world—a world of motor-lorries, razors, trousers, hob-nailed boots, maps, discipline, pure reason, and excessively few mirrors. . . . An interesting item of the laundry was a glass-covered museum of lousy shirts, product of prolonged trench-life in the earlier part of the war, and held by experts to surpass all records of the kind!

The baths themselves were huge and simple,—a series of gigantic steaming vats in which possibly a dozen men lathered themselves at once. Here was fighting humanity; you could see it in every gesture. The bathers, indeed, appeared to be more numerous than they in fact were. Two hundred and fifty could undress, bathe, and re-clothe themselves in an hour, and twelve hundred in a morning. Each man of course would be free to take as many un-

cases, and had held nearer eight hundred. It was housed in an extensive public building. It employed seven surgeons, and I forget how many dressers. It had an abdominal ward, where cases were kept until they could take solid food; and a head ward; and an officers' ward; immense stores; a Church of England chapel; and a shoot down which mattresses with patients thereon could be slid in case of fire. Nearly seven hundred operations had been performed in it during the war. Nevertheless, as the young Colonel in charge said to me: "The function of a Clearing Station is to clear. We keep the majority of the cases only a few hours." Thence the horizontal forms pass into (5) Ambulance Trains. But besides Ambulance trains there are Ambulance barges, grand vessels flying the Union Jack and the Red Cross, with lifts, electric light, and an operating-table. They are towed by a tug to the coast through convenient canals.

You may catch the stream once more, and at its fullest, in (6) the splendid hospitals at Boulogne. At Boulogne the hospital laundry work is such that it has overpowered the town and has to be sent to England. But even at Boulogne, where the most solid architecture, expensively transformed, gives an air of utter permanency to the hospitals, the watchword is still to clear, to pass the cases on. The next stage (7) is the Hospital-Ship, specially fitted out, waiting in the harbour for its complement. When the horizontal forms leave the ship they are in England; they are among us, and the great stream divides into many streams, just as at the rail-head at the other end the great stream of supply divides into many streams, and is lost. . . .

Nor are men the only beings cared for. One of the strangest things I saw at Boulogne was a horse-hospital, consisting of a meadow of many acres. Those who imagine that horses are not used in modern war should see the thousands of horses tethered in that meadow. Many if not most of them were suffering from shell wounds, and the sufferers were rather human. I saw a horse operated on under chloroform. He refused to come to after the operation was over, and as I left he was being encouraged to do so by movements of the limbs to induce respiration. Impossible, after that, to think of him as a mere horse!

#### THE ARMY IN BEING.

But before I left the British lines I did manage to glimpse the British Army, the mysterious sea into which all those streams of supply fell and were swallowed up, and from which trickled the hundreds of small runlets of wounded that converged into the mighty stream of pain at Boulogne. . . . I passed by a number of wooden causeways over water-logged ground, and each causeway had the name of some London street, and at last I was stopped by a complicated wall of sandbags with many curves and involutions. To "dig in" on this particular landscape is impracticable, and hence the "trenches" are above ground and sandbags are their walls.

I looked through a periscope and saw barbed wire and the German positions. I was told not to stand in such-and-such a place because it was exposed. A long line of men moved about at various jobs behind the rampart of sandbags; they were cheerfully ready to shoot, but very few of them were actually in the posture of shooting. A little further behind gay young men seemed to be preparing food. Here and there were little reposing places. . . .

A mere line, almost matching the sandbags in colour! All the tremendous organisation in the rear had been brought into being solely for the material sustenance, the direction, and the protection of this line! The guns roared solely in its aid. For this line existed the clearing stations and hospitals in France and in Britain. I dare say I saw about a quarter of a mile of it. The Major in command of what I saw accompanied me some distance along the causeways into comparative safety. As we were parting he said:

"Well, what do you think of our 'trenches'?" In my preoccupied taciturnity I had perhaps failed to realise that, interesting as his "trenches" were to me, they must be far more interesting to him, and that they ought to have formed the subject of conversation.

"Fine!" I said. And I hope my monosyllabic sincerity satisfied him. We shook hands, and he turned silently away to the everlasting peril of his post. His retreating figure was rather pathetic to me. Looking at it, I understood for the first time what war in truth is. But I soon began to wonder anxiously whether our automobile would get safely past a certain exposed spot on the high road.



AN OPERATION OF WAR BECOMES AN ATHLETIC EVENT: A GRENADE-THROWING CONTEST IN REGIMENTAL SPORTS AT CHATHAM.

The bomb is thrown, it will be seen, from inside a canvas enclosure of the dimensions of a trench in width and height. A number of the grenades may be seen on the ground near the competitor's feet. It is interesting to compare the photograph with Mr. Arnold Bennett's description (on this page) of bombing practice at the front.—[Photo, by Sport and General.]

official baths, in tin receptacles and so on, as he could privately arrange for and as he felt inclined for. Companies of dirty men marching to the baths, and companies of conceitedly clean men marching from the baths, helped to strengthen the ever-growing suspicion that a great Army must be hidden somewhere in the neighbourhood.

Nevertheless, I still saw not the ultimate destination of all those streams of supply which I have described.

#### WOUNDED.

I had, however, noted a stream in the contrary direction—that is, westwards and southwards towards the Channel and England. You can first trace the beginnings of this stream under the sound of the guns (which you never see). A stretcher brought to a temporary shelter by men whose other profession is to play regimental music; a group of men bending over a form in the shelter; a glimpse of dressings and the appliances necessary for tying up an artery or some other absolutely urgent job. That shelter is called the Aid Post. From it the horizontal form goes to (2) the Advanced Dressing Station, where more attention is given to it; and thence to (3) the Field Ambulance proper, where the case is really diagnosed and provisionally classed. By this time motor-ambulances have been much used; and the stream, which was a trickle at the Aid Post, has grown wider.

The next point (4) is the Casualty Clearing Station. Casualty Clearing Stations are imposing affairs. Not until the horizontal form reaches them can an operation in the full sense of the word be performed upon it. The Clearing Station that I saw could accommodate seven hundred



# THE AFFAIR OF THE BALKANS: OUR ALLY, SERBIA, ON THE DANUBE; AND SALONIKA, A STRATEGIC POSITION OF MOMENT.



THE REORGANISED AND EFFICIENT SERBIAN ARMY; INFANTRY CROSSING THE RIVER SAVA ON AN IMPROVED LOG-AND-PLANK BRIDGE.



ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR SIGNS OF THE ENEMY OVER THE DANUBE: A SERBIAN SENTRY WATCHING ACROSS THE RIVER—BELGRADE IS IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE TO THE LEFT.



WEAPONS WITH WHICH THE SERBIANS ARE WELL EQUIPPED: A HEAVY GUN DRAWN BY OX-TEAM, THE ORDINARY TRANSPORT-ANIMALS OF THE COUNTRY.



A STRATEGIC CENTRE IN EASTERN GREECE, WITH RAILWAY CONNECTION WITH THE PRESENT SERBIAN CAPITAL, NISH: SALONIKA, SHOWING THE MEDIEVAL CITY WALLS AND CITADEL TOWER.



A SERBIAN FIELD-GUN AND TEAM IN ACTION: FIRING FROM A CONCEALED POSITION INSIDE A CULVERT.



A COMPANY OF SERBIAN INFANTRY IN ACTION: HOLDING BACK THE ENEMY FROM BEHIND A BREASTWORK IN THE OPEN.



TYPICAL SPECIMENS OF THE STURDY SOLDIERS OF SERBIA: INFANTRY HAVING A SPELL OF REST IN THE TRENCHES.



BRITISH TROOPS WHO HAVE BEEN AIDING THE SERBIANS: ONE OF OUR HEAVY GUNS IN WET WEATHER ON A CROSS-COUNTRY ROAD.

Even single-handed, our ally Serbia would be found at the present moment a difficult enemy to overcome, materially assisted as she would be in holding her ground by the natural configuration of the country through which, after crossing the Danube, invaders from the north, even if assisted by an irruption from the east, the Bulgarian side, would have to pass. The Serbian Army has been reorganised and entirely re-equipped since the winter campaign of last December, when the blundering Austrian General Potiorek, with his powerful army, after occupying Belgrade, was routed and driven back across the Danube while attempting to reach Nish, the present Serbian seat of Government. It has now an efficient fighting strength of well over 300,000 of all arms, and is stated to have been completely reconstituted and re-armed in artillery with French guns of the celebrated "75" pattern. The Serbian infantry, as in the armies of all the Balkan States, is armed with the Austrian Mannlicher, a straight-pull magazine weapon capable of extreme rapidity of fire. Hardy peasant cultivators for the most part, the

manhood of Serbia during a year of war has been converted by the hard experience of the battlefield into a race of warriors, and the nine months' respite from very active fighting since the defeat of the Austrians at the end of last year has been turned to profitable account in training the troops and providing them amply with war material which was wanting in the autumn campaign of 1914. The Allies have spared Serbia nothing in regard to the re-equipping and re-arming of her troops. As has been stated in the Press, with official sanction, a British contingent, under Rear-Admiral Troubridge, has helped to hold the Danube line, and rendered other assistance. The mobilisation of the Greek Army, in repulse to the attitude of Bulgaria, in virtue of the Greece-Russia treaty of alliance of 1913, is also possible; and, while the strategic position of the Greek port of Salonika, which has direct railway communication with Nish, via Ulsch, entirely within Greek and Serbian territory, makes that port in every way a suitable landing-place for Allied troops.



# THE BRITISH ADVANCE IN THE WEST: A VICTORIOUS CHARGE BY THE INFANTRY.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICER PRESENT AT THE ACTION.



FOLLOWING UP THE INITIAL SUCCESS BETWEEN LA BASSÉE AND LENS: THE CAPTURE OF THE WOOD COVERING THE CHALK-PITS NEAR HULLUCH, ON SEPTEMBER 28.

The British victory on Saturday, September 25, at Loos and Hulluch was the commencement of a series of actions which will, doubtless, hereafter be known as parts of one great battle. The Monday and Tuesday following the first advance saw desperate fighting again near Hulluch. The German first and second line trenches had been already captured, and the British struck energetic blows at the German third line running from Hulluch in the direction of Hill 70. The enemy held a very strong position in the chalk-pits and woods, and made desperate efforts to check the victorious British onset. When the whistles blew for the assault, our men charged out from their cover in the German trenches already taken. They swept down a long grassy slope in the face of a deadly fire from all arms—high-explosives, shrapnel, machine-gun, and rifle-fire—over the poplar-lined road

at its foot, and up a steep rise for some 200 yards. Then, at the top, they crashed through the German defence into the wood, where a fearful struggle took place. Gradually the Germans were forced back, and the wood was held. Fighting has continued at this point, the enemy making great efforts to regain their footing there. In his message of October 4, Sir John French reported: "Yesterday afternoon the enemy commenced a heavy bombardment, and delivered repeated attacks over the open against our trenches between the quarries and the Vermelles-Hulluch road. These attacks, which were pressed with determination, were all repulsed with severe loss to the enemy and failed to reach our trenches." The village of Hulluch is situated about half-way between La Bassée (to the north) and Lens (to the south). The quarries lie a little to the north-west of Hulluch.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## "THE SOUL OF ANZAC": THE COLONIALS' POPULAR LEADER IN GALLIPOLI.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY C.N.



"NOT FOR ONE SINGLE DAY HAS HE EVER QUITTED HIS POST": LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM R. BIRDWOOD, COMMANDING THE AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND ARMY CORPS IN THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA, OUTSIDE HIS DUG-OUT.

The commander of the Australian and New Zealand troops in the Gallipoli Peninsula is idolised by his men. Sir Ian Hamilton wrote of him in his last despatch: "Lieut-General Sir W. R. Birdwood has been the soul of Anzac. Not for one single day has he ever quitted his post. Cheery and full of human sympathy, he has spent many hours of every twenty-four inspiring the defenders of the front trenches, and if he does not know every soldier in his force, at least every soldier in the force believes he is known to his Chief." The heroic work of the troops under his inspiring leadership, from their landing at Gaba

Tepe onwards, is now famous, and Sir Ian Hamilton has formally recorded "the fine feat of arms achieved by the troops under the command of Lieut-General Sir W. R. Birdwood during the battle of Sari Bair." General Birdwood was Military Secretary to Lord Kitchener during the South African War, in which he was severely wounded, and later in India, where he has seen much frontier service. Before the war he was Secretary to the Government of India in the Army Department and a Member of the Legislative Council.



## THE BALKAN FOX: THE GERMAN-BORN BULGARIAN RULER.



SENT AN ULTIMATUM BY RUSSIA: FERDINAND I., KING OF THE BULGARIANS, DUKE OF SAXONY, PRINCE OF COBURG AND GOTHA.

Ferdinand I., King of the Bulgarians, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Coburg and Gotha, was the central figure of that "exceedingly grave situation" announced by Sir Edward Grey, and few were surprised to read, on October 4, that Russia had sent to Bulgaria an ultimatum calling upon her to break openly with the enemies of the Slav cause and of Russia within twenty-four hours, and send away immediately the officers belonging to the armies of States at war with the Powers of the Entente. Otherwise, said Russia, her Minister would leave Bulgaria. King Ferdinand is reported to have said recently: "I am like a

blind man running along with lighted torches among haystacks. Whichever side I turn I must set fire somewhere." King Ferdinand, youngest son of the late Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the late Princess Clementine of Bourbon-Orleans, daughter of King Louis Philippe, was born on February 26, 1861, and was elected Prince of Bulgaria by vote of the National Assembly on July 7, 1887. He assumed the government on August 14 of that year, in succession to Prince Alexander, who abdicated in September 1886. In July 1911, the Grand Sobranje confirmed the title of King (Tsar) to Prince Ferdinand.



## SCIENCE &amp; NATURAL HISTORY.



A SELLER OF PAINTS FOR THE FACE AND OF DRUGS. — AN INFAMOUS ALCHEMIST OF THE 14TH CENTURY.



THE SUPERSTITION OF RUDOLF II, RULER OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE: THE EMPEROR CONSULTING HIS ALCHEMIST (16TH CENTURY).



THE HOUSE NONE DARED PASS WITHOUT CROSSING THEMSELVES: THE DUKE OF NICHOLAS FLAMEL (1330-1418).

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## SCIENCE AT THE WAR.

M. JULES VIOLE has been lecturing to his pupils at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers on the part played by physical science in the war, and one is glad to see that the veteran Academician takes, on the whole, the lines hitherto pursued in this column. Neither the Allies nor their enemies can boast of having invented *ad hoc* any wonderful engine that would at once give them indisputable victory and, in the cant of yesterday, make war impossible. We did not want the present struggle to teach us that submarines—a French and not a German invention, by the way—could launch torpedoes with deadly effect at unarmed liners and fishing-vessels; that chlorine gas, if inhaled, is suffocating; and that thermit, when ignited, will develop a temperature

South African and (especially) in the Russo-Japanese wars; but the Germans improved on this by running through the barbed-wire entanglements a cable carrying an alternating current of 2000 volts, which very effectively "electrocuted" any antagonist rash enough to lay hold of it. At first our Allies thought the only way to destroy this was by artillery fire, but soon French in-

ventiveness proved more than a match for the slower-working German mind. Electricians' gloves were served out as soon as they could be collected, and in the meantime dry paper, well-dried cloths, and other come-by-chance insulators were used for covering up the wire so that it could be grasped by the hand. Tapes soaked in Chatterton compound were wound round the handles of wire-cutting nippers, and proved as effective as ebonite sleeves. The long-thought-out and carefully prepared German device was at once brought to nought, and the "live" wire turned out to be as approachable as the barbed.

More pleasing, perhaps, to the humanitarian is the means which science has put at the disposal of the surgeon for the better treatment of wounds and fractures received in war. The X-rays now enable him to ascertain the exact situation of bullets and fragments of shells lodged within the organism, which formerly could only be reached by a dangerous and perhaps lengthy exploratory operation. That these intruders can thus be seen and even photographed through the intervening tissues is common knowledge, but the earlier radiographic methods have been much

improved upon. One of their main defects was that the photograph—or rather, skiagraph—taken by the X-rays was naturally flat, and did not define the depth at which the foreign body was embedded. M. Colardeau has now shown that, by taking two pictures from different standpoints instead of one, and placing them in a stereoscope, this objection can be overcome, and the exact locality

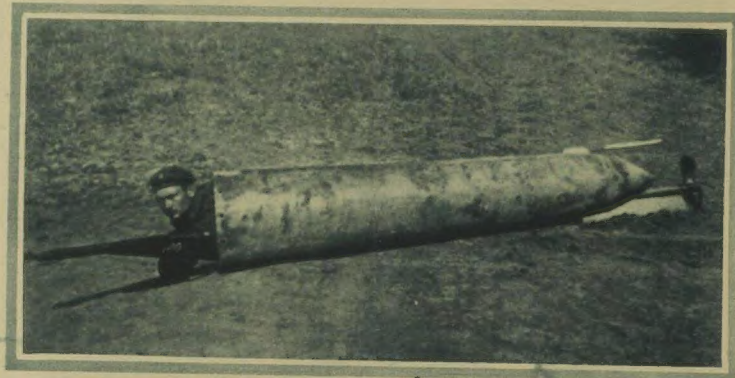


AFTER IT HAD BEEN HIT BY A BOMB DROPPED BY AN ITALIAN AIRMAN: AN AUSTRIAN TRAIN!

Photograph by Brocherel.

nearly as high as that of the electric arc. Nor is it the case that the adoption of these novel modes of warfare gives the combatants using them an overwhelming superiority in the field over their opponents. No invention, scientific or otherwise, it may be repeated, can ever be employed in war without its becoming known to, and, if efficacious, copied by the other side; while means of defence against it will be improvised at least as quickly as it can be brought into action. The Germans have shone by their careful application to warlike purposes of well-known scientific inventions, elaborated by a long course of secret and reasoned experiments; yet it is doubtful whether these have ever given them more than a momentary advantage over a totally unprepared enemy.

No better illustration of this faculty of improvisation could be found than in the instance M. Violle gives of the "live" wire for the defence of entrenchments. Barbed wire was used for this purpose with good effect in the



IN WHAT IS DESCRIBED BY THE ENEMY AS A FRENCH TORPEDO-MINE: A GERMAN SOLDIER IN A PROJECTILE.

The great size, and consequent enormously destructive power, of the projectile illustrated, which the German paper from which we take it calls a French torpedo-mine, may be gauged from this illustration. It shows a soldier with his body inside the metal casing of the projectile, which failed to explode and from which the charge had been drawn. Its measurements are given at 432 cm. (or 14 ft. 2 in.) length, 52 cm. (1 ft. 8 in.) diameter.

of the foreign body ascertained with as much accuracy as if it were in a medium transparent to the naked eye.

Nor is even the radiographic installation absolutely necessary. The apparatus known as the electro-magnetic balance of Hughes can be used in its stead. It consists of two small induction-coils, the secondary terminals of which are connected to a telephone. A periodically interrupted current is passed through the primary windings of the two coils, and so long as they are in equilibrium, no sound is heard on the telephone. But if the coils are brought near a piece of metal it announces its

presence on the telephone by causing an increase of current in the circuit nearest to it. By this method, as has been suggested by M. Lippmann, the surgeon can locate fragments of metal in the tissues without using the X-rays at all, and it, therefore, can be employed in improvised or temporary hospitals not equipped with X-ray apparatus. The balance gives especially good results when the foreign body is magnetic, and, by a kind of poetic justice, it happens to be the case that the covering of the German Mauser bullet renders that projectile magnetic and therefore easily located, while the French bullet is not so. On the whole, it may be fairly argued that the resourcefulness and ingenuity of our friends has here outstripped the more lumbering and imitative method of our common foe.

F. L.



THE MAKING OF THE DEADLY OBSTACLE WITH WHICH ARTILLERY ALONE DEALS SATISFACTORILY: IN THE STORE-ROOM OF A BARBED-WIRE FACTORY.

We see here the interior of a barbed-wire factory store-room, showing the finished product after passing through the various processes of interweaving the wire strands and clipping on the barbs, all of which is done by machinery that in many of the factories and workshops in France is seen to by women workers. To the right are rolls of the wire in readiness for transport to the front. Our illustration is from a German paper, which states that the factory in question is "in enemy territory."



## A ZEPPELIN OVER THE LONDON DISTRICT: A RAIDER PHOTOGRAPHED.

PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



AN UNTOUCHED PHOTOGRAPH OF A ZEPPELIN RAIDING THE LONDON DISTRICT—AS THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE SAW IT:

A REMARKABLE SNAPSHOT OF AN ENEMY DIRIGIBLE DURING ITS VISIT ON THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 8.

We give above a very remarkable untouched photograph of a Zeppelin, taken during the raid on the Eastern Counties and the London District on September 8. We realise that it is a little late to return to the subject; but the amateur who took the snapshot did not develop it until a few days ago, scarcely imagining that his plate would register

the event. The fact that (as we have said) the photograph has not been touched up, and the fact that, of course, it was taken at night, account for its lack of any great detail. At least, however, it gives a very excellent impression of one of the hostile aircraft over the London district during the raid, and so forms a unique record.



## THE BRITISH ADVANCE: THE EVE OF THE GREAT BATTLE

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED



SCOUTING TO SEE WHICH PARTS OF THE GERMAN TRENCHES HAD SUFFERED MOST FROM OUR  
ON THE NIGHT BEFORE

In his Special Order of the Day, issued to the troops after the capture of Loos, Sir John French said: "We have now reached a definite stage in the great battle which commenced on the 25th September." Our drawing shows some of the preliminary work, on the night before the assault, which helped to pave the way for the victorious advance of the infantry in the early morning. Listening parties were sent out during the night to mark where the German trenches had suffered most. These parties usually consisted of an officer, a corporal with a telephone "buzzer," and a couple of bombers. When they saw the Germans hurriedly repairing a portion of trench, they knew that it must have been badly damaged, and at a particular time arranged they would telephone back to a battery—"Fire on Section So-and-So." The men shown in the drawing spotted some Germans feverishly working in front of Loos, and

## IN WHICH "WE HAVE NOW REACHED A DEFINITE STAGE."

BY AN OFFICER WHO TOOK PART IN THE ACTION.

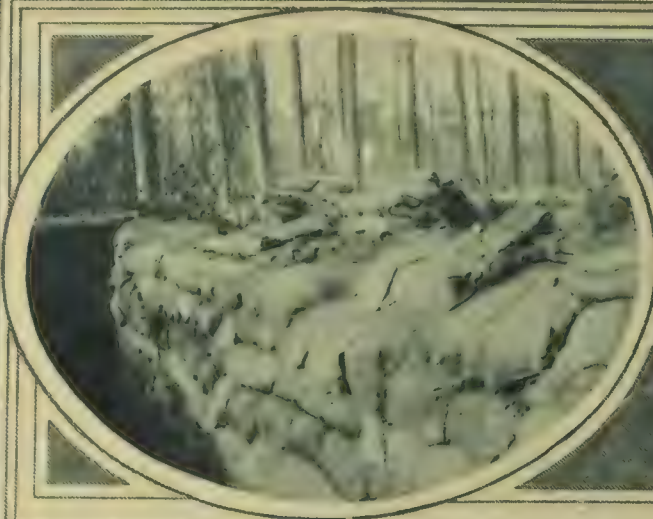


SHELLS: A BRITISH LISTENING PARTY TELEPHONING INFORMATION BACK TO THE ARTILLERY  
THE ATTACK AT LOOS.

while they were watching and signalling back their information, three German sentries paraded up and down in the special spectacular German way, passing quite close to where the observers were crouching. All the while great flares of smoke and fire were bursting and drifting over Loos. Having accomplished their mission, the men retired, and a few minutes later the high-explosive once again began to turn the German trench into a holocaust of fire. In the background on the left is one of the large, conical slag-heaps of the mining district, and further to the right the great iron structure—a part of the mining machinery—known to the British Army as "the Tower Bridge" or, the "Crystal Palace." Beyond it to the right are the village of Loos and Hill 70, both of which were captured in the British advance next day.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



# THE BRITISH ADVANCE: AT HOOGE, SCENE OF MUCH FIGHTING.



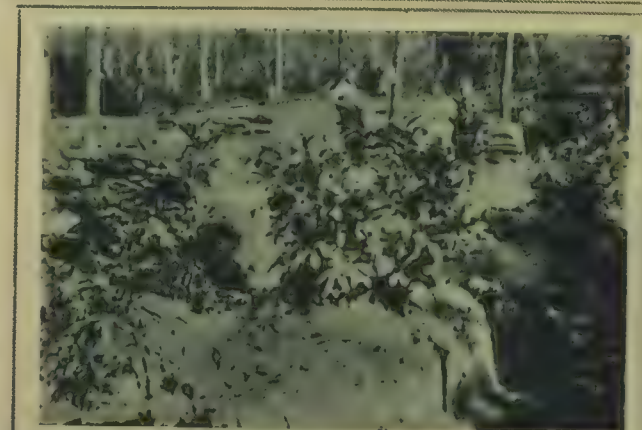
AT HOOGE: A SAND-BAGGED TRENCH IN OUR LINES.



WITH SOLDIERS IN THE FOREGROUND: A SCENE NEAR HOOGE.



AIRCRAFT HUNTING: A MACHINE-GUN USED AGAINST AEROPLANES.



AT HOOGE: SOME OF THE DEFENCES.



IN A SAND-BAGGED TRENCH: NEAR HOOGE.



SHOWING A SOLDIER IN THE DEFENCES: AT HOOGE.

During the great advance, there was hard fighting at Hooge. Writing from British Headquarters, to the "Times," on September 26, Mr. John Buchan said: "Presently news began to come in. Every section of the British line was engaged, but the two chief advances were at Hooge and beyond Vermelles. At Hooge the action of August 6 had given us the crater north of the Menin road, but the Germans held the Bellewaarde Lake and the Château, and south of the road they had an awkward fortin at a corner

of Sanctuary Wood, which in August had enfiladed our right. At five o'clock our bombardment began, and at six we fired a mine south of the road. We carried the front trenches and took the Sanctuary Wood Fortress, but were unable to hold the Bellewaarde Lake beyond the afternoon." On October 1, Sir John French reported: "On the 29th, near Hooge, the enemy fired a mine under our trenches south of the Menin road, gaining a footing in our front line. Counter-attacks . . . recovered all but a small portion."



## LOOS "TOWER BRIDGE" OR "CRYSTAL PALACE": A CAPTURE.



IN OUR HANDS BY 7 A.M. ON SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25: THE LOFTY IRON STRUCTURE AT LOOS, A LANDMARK FOR MILES ROUND, WHICH WAS A GUIDING POINT TO THE BRITISH CENTRAL ATTACK.

The central movement in the British advance on the Lens position and the La Bassée district on September 25 was directed on the mining village of Loos. The German first and second lines were pounded out of existence by our artillery, but the third line, amidst which Loos stood, was so far intact to the last that, in places, the enemy's wire entanglements had to be broken through by shrapnel-fire and machine-guns. The British infantry, led by a Brigade of the New Army, raced across the flat intervening ground, and were in Loos before the defence could rally. Their guiding-

point was the great structure illustrated above. "Loos," says Mr. John Buchan, "is remarkable for possessing an enormous iron structure which our men called the Tower Bridge, or the Crystal Palace. It is visible for miles, and on a clear day you can see it from the Hill of Cassel. Such a place made a magnificent observation-station, and you will never persuade the British soldier that it was not built by a German before the war with this purpose in view. The Tower of Loos was in our hands by seven o'clock on Saturday morning."



# THE ADVANCE IN THE WEST: BRITISH TROOPS CHARGING OVER GERMAN TRENCHES IN THE BATTLE OF LOOS.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICER PRESENT AT THE ACTION.



WITH BOMBERS LEADING THE WAY: BRITISH TROOPS SWARMING OVER THE GERMAN FIRST LINE AND DASHING ON TOWARDS LOOS, THE "TOWER BRIDGE," AND HILL 70.

It was between 6 and 7 a.m. on that memorable Saturday—September 25—when the British guns "lifted" on to the German rear, and the long-looked-for signal to assault was given. With a roar, the men rushed from the trenches in front of "Le Rutoir," and, quickly covering the intervening ground, dashed upon the German first line. The bombers in front flung their deadly missiles, and soon the men were over the trench and making for the enemy's second line, bayoneting and bombing as they went. The enemy in the particular part of the field shown in this drawing, demoralised by the fearful carnage of the shells and the suddenness of the attack, did not stand, and a wave of flying Germans spread out before the bayonets of the onrushing British troops. Right over their second-line trenches and right through Loos they stampeded, occasionally making a stand in little groups. British reinforcements followed up the first advancing regiments, and the troops then assaulted the German third line at

Hill 70. To quote Sir John French's Special Order of the Day: "After the vicissitudes attendant upon every great fight, the enemy's second line posts were taken, the commanding position known as Hill 70, in advance of Loos, was finally captured, and a strong line was established and consolidated in close proximity to the German third and last line. . . . Our captures have amounted to over 3000 prisoners and some 25 guns, besides many machine-guns and a quantity of war material." In the background of the drawing is the now famous mining structure which our soldiers have nicknamed the "Tower Bridge" or Crystal Palace of Loos. Further to the right is Hill 70. In the foreground, on the left, may be seen a British soldier carrying a bomb ready to throw; while other bombers are in action ahead. On the right are two Germans holding up their hands to surrender.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



# THE ADVANCE IN THE WEST: THE STORMING OF LOOS, WITH ITS "TOWER BRIDGE," BY THE BRITISH INFANTRY.

SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE WESTERN THEATRE OF WAR.



IN his message of September 26 announcing the victory of the previous day, Sir John French said: "We captured the western outskirts of Hulluch, the village of Loos, and the mining works around it, and Hill 70." The latter is the flat-topped hill seen in the left background of the drawing. It takes its name from its height—70 metres (about 230 feet)—which in that flat country renders it a position of great value. Mr. John Buchan writes in a message from the British Headquarters describing this action: "The central movement on Loos was entrusted to one of the new Divisions. . . . The infantry raced across the flats, and were in Loos village before the defence could rally. So far, except for the leading battalion, the losses had been slight. Loos had been shattered by our guns, and its church-spire was only a splinter. Here there was a great rounding-up of prisoners from cellars and dug-outs. Many machine-guns were taken, and some field-guns, mounted in concrete redoubts. The clearing of Loos did not take long. . . . Loos is remarkable for possessing an enormous iron structure which our men call the Tower Bridge or the Crystal Palace. It is visible for miles, and on a clear day you can see it from the Hill of Cassel. Such a place made a magnificent observation-station, and you will never persuade the British

soldier that it was not built by a German before the war with this purpose in view. How it escaped the attentions of artillery in the past has always been a mystery. . . . The Tower of Loos was in our hands by seven o'clock on Saturday morning. Our troops swept on eastward towards the slopes of the Hill of Loos—otherwise Hill 70—of which the highest point is, perhaps, a mile from the village." The "Tower Bridge" of Loos, which is prominent in the centre-background of the drawing, forms part of the machinery of the mining pits. The double metal turrets are connected by an overhead girder. The extreme left of the drawing is in the direction of Lille; the right in that of Arras. In the right background is a great slag-heap that resembles one of the Pyramids. In the central background British troops are seen advancing across the plain, while in the foreground others are storming the village. German dead are lying here and there, and towards the left is a short section of German trenches. In the house further to the left German machine-guns are firing from the sand-bagged windows. Overhead German shrapnel-shells may be seen bursting. Some of the inhabitants of Loos had remained in the village, and the British troops found here and there terrified women and children.

## "THE CENTRAL MOVEMENT ON LOOS WAS ENTRUSTED TO ONE OF THE NEW DIVISIONS"

The chief struggle in the recent British advance took place near Loos, where a great number of Germans were taken prisoners, while the capture of the village and of Hill 70 beyond it placed an important position in the hands of our men. Sir John French, in his Special Order of the Day, made public on October 4, says: "I desire to express to the Army under my command my deep appreciation of the splendid work they have accomplished, and my heartfelt thanks for the brilliant leadership displayed by General Sir Douglas Haig and the Corps and Divisional Commanders who acted under his orders in the main attack. In the same spirit of admiration and gratitude I wish particularly to comment upon the magnificent spirit, indomitable courage,

## MEN OF THE NEW BRITISH ARMIES WINNING THEIR FIRST GREAT SUCCESS IN THE WAR.

and dogged tenacity displayed by our troops. Old Army, New Army, and Territorials have vied with one another in the heroic conduct displayed throughout the battle by officers, non-commissioned officers, and men. I feel the utmost confidence and assurance that the same glorious spirit which has been so marked a feature throughout the first phase of this great battle will continue until our efforts are crowned by final and complete victory." Various incidents in the great British advance in the neighbourhood of Loos are illustrated in other drawings published in this Number.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



# THE FRENCH ADVANCE IN CHAMPAGNE: AFTER AND DURING THE VITAL FIGHTING; AND A MAP OF THE BATTLE-AREA.



GERMAN PRISONERS IN THE CAPS THEY WEAR IN THE FIRST-LINE TRENCHES: FRENCH SOLDIERS IN SHRAPNEL-PROOF STEEL HELMETS: WOUNDED FRENCH SOLDIERS ON STRETCHERS IN A FARM, AFTER THE ADVANCE.



A GERMAN PRISONER, WEARING HIS PICKELHAUBE, OF FRENCH WOUNDED (IN



DRAWING A FRENCH AMBULANCE-CAR: THE ARRIVAL OF STEEL HELMETS) AT A FARM.



ALL IN STEEL HELMETS: FRENCH INFANTRY ENJOYING A SHORT REST IN AN INTERVAL OF THE GREAT ADVANCE IN CHAMPAGNE.



DURING THE CHAMPAGNE FIGHTING: A FRENCH STAFF OFFICER (IN HELMET); WITH A RUSSIAN MILITARY ATTACHÉ.



CONGRATULATING CAVALRY AFTER A CHARGE: GENERAL DE VILLARET ADDRESSING TROOPERS.



THE GREAT FRENCH OFFENSIVE IN CHAMPAGNE: A PANORAMIC VIEW



OF THE BATTLE-GROUND BETWEEN LA SUPPE AND THE AISNE.



A STEEL-HELMETED FRENCH SOLDIER IN THE FOREGROUND: FRENCH SOLDIERS WOUNDED IN THE GREAT ADVANCE.



ONE WEARING A PICKELHAUBE; THE OTHERS, CAPS: MUDDY GERMAN PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE FRENCH.

The light helmets of thin steel, thick enough to preserve the wearer from being wounded in the head by shrapnel-bullets or shell-splinters, in addition to being adopted by the French Army at the front for service in the trenches, were also worn in the attacks on the enemy's lines during the battles in Artois and Champagne by both officers of all ranks and the men. The steel helmet is stated to have been the means of saving many lives. The Germans, for their part, do not wear the metal-bound leather *Pickelhaube* in the first-line trenches, according to prisoners taken in the recent battles. They leave them with their kits for other occasions, and put on instead the soft brimless "forage-caps" of grey cloth, with red band (for infantry

soldiers).—Many of the uninjured German prisoners were turned on to helping in transporting the wounded, drawing ambulance hand-carts, and doing stretcher work.—The illustration of General de Villaret addressing French troopers is interesting incidentally as showing that the break through the German lines is, in places, progressing to such an extent that the cavalry, after months of enforced inactivity, is getting opportunities for its proper rôle. According to a German *communiqué* trying to minimise the defeat in the battle of September 25, it appeared on the field but suffered in consequence. "The enemy," alleged the Germans, "singularly misjudging the situation, even used masses of cavalry, who were naturally completely battered by our fire and fled"





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHEN the news came that the British had broken past the Chapel of Our Lady of Consolation and held the heights above Lens, while at the same time the French were driving the enemy through the dust of the Champagne, there were some who really understood for the first time that the "understanding with France" was a fact in practice as well as sentiment. It seems extraordinary enough that such news should be new to anyone; but it was. The chief organ of our pessimist Press had actually suggested, in all seriousness, that the heads of the Allied commands should take counsel together; but shook its head over the improbability of so bold a suggestion being accepted. It might well have urged, with equal appropriateness, that trenches should be provided for the protection of our troops, that the recent invention known as the bayonet should be attached to rifles during hand-to-hand conflicts, and that a map of Northern France might be very useful to our Generals at the front. We should be prepared, not only to agree with our gloomy journalist upon these points, but even to lighten his gloom by assuring him that these things had occurred to other great minds, and even been partially carried out. But there was one part of the news which would still, in some corners of England, cause a deeper if a more subconscious surprise. It is the repeated report, by all observers, of the "calm" of Paris after the victory. We had begun dimly to realise that Frenchmen are cool in defeat. We shall know a great deal more about them when we understand how and why they are cool in triumph.



GERMAN PRISONERS TAKEN DURING THE BRITISH ADVANCE: SOME OF THE 3000 CAPTURED MARCHED THROUGH SOUTHAMPTON TO THEIR DESTINATION.

The largest batch of German prisoners—1100—so far landed in this country reached Southampton on September 29. The previous day 300 had arrived there, and were temporarily housed in the skating rink. In his despatch of September 28 reporting further progress south of Loos, Sir John French said: "The number of prisoners exceeds 3000."—[Photograph by Central Press.]

I believe our false notion of the French character was very largely founded on the French cabman. And I believe that being to be a subtle if not sensitive spirit, who is much misunderstood. Not all English travellers, perhaps, fell into the merely verbal error of the old lady who observed a certain coldness in the *cocher* whom she had ceremoniously addressed as *cochon*. The type has been better appreciated. In the admirable mystery tale of "Trent's Last Case" Mr. Bentley's hero did justice to the French cabman's cultured vocabulary, safeguarding himself with the remarkable quotation from Keats: "Happy is England, sweet her artless cabmen; enough their simple loveliness for me." That deep-minded democrat, Mr. Dooley, said that if he were a Frenchman he would be afraid of nobody but the cab-drivers: "and I wouldn't be afraid of them long, for I'd be a cab-driver myself." But it has not yet fallen in the way of any social philosopher to analyse the French cabman; if any had done so, he would have destroyed many false ideas about the French citizen.

For instance, the three main impressions formed by the poor old woman about her *cochon* probably

were: (1) that he drove wildly; (2) that he shouted, cracked his whip, and kicked up a general shindy; (3) that he was rude. The old woman reported this to the other old women who write authoritative books on foreign policy and imperial travel, and the result was a picture of the Frenchman as merely excitable and undisciplined; so that to speak of the French calm still seems like a paradox. But in truth our old mistake about France falls under three heads which exactly correspond to the three facts mentioned. First, many differences are accidents. They are mentally unfamiliar, but morally colourless. Thus much of the impression of wild driving (though not all) comes from the fact that the rule of the road is reversed, and he who is on the right is in the right. This mere unfamiliarity has bred many fictions. All kinds of jests, criticisms, suggestions of vanity, looseness, stinginess, slackness, gaudiness, have been deduced from the French soldier's red trousers. Even Mr. Dooley had a fling at them. But, after all, there

His fathers have followed the cannon in a hundred campaigns, and he conducts his daily life like a cannonade. It is true that there mingles with this nervous immunity a touch of fierceness that is not so much emotion as merely impatience. Often it is an intellectual impatience—one might almost say a cold impatience. It is the impatience of a chess-player who cannot be bored with a long game when he already foresees the last move. But this abruptness, sometimes approaching to brutality, has less to do with the noisiness than that other element of invulnerability in the nerves. The streets of Paris do not solely or primarily prove what a racket the French can raise; they prove even more what a racket the French can endure.

And in the matter of politeness, the truth will again appear paradoxical. What makes a poor Frenchman uncivil is the same thing that makes him civil. It is the civil, or civic, idea—the idea of human equality. Many rich old ladies from more aristocratic countries do really talk as if *cochon* were pretty much the same as *cocher*. If the poor man strikes back it is not to destroy the social structure, but rather to preserve it. He keeps his end up, that the floor may be level. But it is quite true, of course, since human nature is imperfect, that the combination of the democratic instinct I describe with the temperamental impatience I have already noted does produce on occasion an appearance of insolence. This charge against the French is far more well founded than the opposite charge, which it was the fashion of our fathers to bring against them. Indeed, the old-stage Frenchman, with his monkeyish excitability, concealed from us the real French defects as much as the real French virtues. We missed the fact, for instance, that the French have some of the harder faults of the Scotch. But, whatever they are, they are not a nation of dancing-masters—rather of cab-drivers.

I am profoundly persuaded that the French are going to lead Europe yet again. Their faults come from being in the core of reality, in the place where things happen. It is their misfortune that they have not the poetry of the islands, the mysticism that comes from living on the edges of things. But they are the better placed for purging democracy of some of the dreamy pedantries into which more exclusive societies have perverted it, and showing what can really be done with liberty, equality, and fraternity. As it happens, the Allies rather specially illustrate that famous trinity. Few have loved liberty so much as the English; none have understood fraternity so well as the Russians. Both have still to grasp the real meaning of equality—that mankind has been made by men.

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## THE ADVANCE TOWARDS BAGDAD: BOAT-BRIDGE AND TRENCHES.



ONE OF THE IMPORTANT POINTS IN THE LINE OF ADVANCE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE:  
A BRITISH BOAT-BRIDGE ACROSS THE TIGRIS; AND A GUN-BOAT ON GUARD.



BRITISH TRENCHES (ON RIGHT) PROTECTING A CAMP AMID PALM-GROVES AND SWAMPS—PHOTOGRAPHED  
FROM AN AEROPLANE: THE FLOODED TIGRIS RIVERSIDE IN THE RAINY SEASON.

The illustrations above are photographic views, taken by a British aviator, on the line of the British advance up the valley of the Tigris, where now, according to the despatches announcing the latest victory over the Turks, we have made progress as far as Kut-el-Amara, on the river, little more than a hundred miles' march from Bagdad. The views are some distance lower down the river towards Kurna, where the troops, after winning an earlier victory, began the second stage of their move forward along the river. In

the upper photograph is seen a bridge across the Tigris constructed with the aid of native boats by the Royal Engineers. Up-stream is seen on guard one of the British gun-boats of the Royal Navy, which have rendered the military operations invaluable assistance. In the lower photograph we get a glimpse of the flooded condition of the country adjoining the banks of the Tigris during the summer season of the rains. To the right can be traced a portion of the British trenches.



## SAVED: CHURCH-BELLS WHICH MIGHT HAVE BECOME ENEMY SHELLS.



BROUGHT FROM MANY PARTS OF RUSSIA THAT THE INVADING ENEMY MIGHT NOT USE THEIR METAL TO MAKE SHELLS: RUSSIAN CHURCH-BELLS—EACH LABELLED.



PLACED TOGETHER FOR SAFETY IN THE NIKOLSKY MONASTERY, NEAR MOSCOW: SOME OF THE 300 BELLS REMOVED BY THE RUSSIANS FROM THEIR CHURCHES.

In a letter from Kieff, Mr. Stephen Graham tells, in the "Times," the story of Russian church-bells gathered from all sorts of sources to prevent their being melted down for munitions by the enemy. "I read in a paper," he says, "that in Germany there are only enough shells to last three months, but orders have been given to take down all the church-bells, and it is thought that with the bells captured in Russia they will have enough copper to last out a year. A new arithmetic! How many shells can be made

from a church bell? . . . It is sad to see the loads of riven church-bells." The bells in our illustration, which have been saved from their suggested doom of furnishing Germany with material for munitions of war, have been rescued from churches without distinction of creed. They come from Orthodox churches, from Catholic, from Lutheran. Some are ornamental in design and decoration and have medallions of priests and bishops in *bas relief*; and all bear labels showing whence they have come.



# DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD, LAFAYETTE, LANGEIER, L.E.A., MEDDRINGTON, MAULL AND FOX, RASSANO, GALE AND POLDEN, AND SWAINP.



MAJOR W. H. DICKINS,  
SHERWOOD FORESTERS.



CAPTAIN F. A. JAMES,  
MAN. RGT. (AT. 22ND PUN.).



CAPTAIN T. A. HIGGINSON,  
K. SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFY.



CAPT. C. W. HAYES-NEWING-  
TON, CHESHIRE REGT.



CAPTAIN C. B. WILLIAMS  
ROYAL IRISH RIFLES.



MAJOR E. S. GOOCH,  
BERKS YEOMANRY.



LIEUT. T. R. MILLS,  
MANCHESTER REGT.



CAPTAIN E. L. BROWN,  
SUFFOLK REGT.



CAPT. C. C. R. BLACK-HAW-  
KINS, HAMPSHIRE REGT.



LIEUT. J. H. FOSDICK,  
RIFLE BRIGADE.



2ND LIEUT. F. GOWAN TAYLOR,  
YORK AND LANCS. REGT.



CAPTAIN S. J. SANKEY,  
S. STAFFS. REGT.



CAPTAIN D. MORRISON,  
ROYAL LANCASTER REGT.



LIEUT. C. J. S. VYNER,  
OXON AND BUCKS LIGHT INFY



2ND LIEUT. H. K. HOYLE,  
LANCS. FUSILIERS.



2ND LIEUT. J. S. G. BURRELL,  
CHESHIRE REGT.



2ND LIEUT. L. TREHARNE,  
WELSH REGT.



2ND LIEUT. G. DIXON,  
ROYAL ENGINEERS.



CAPTAIN H. T. CAWLEY, M.P.,  
MANCHESTER REGT.



LIEUT. H. F. B. STEVENS,  
ROYAL WEST KENT REGT.



2ND LIEUT. H. F. SEGnitz,  
LONDON REGT.



2ND LIEUT. R. W. ORR,  
LONDON IRISH RIFLES.



LIEUT. H. A. C. TOPHAM,  
WELSH REGT.



CAPTAIN HON. T. C. R. AGAR-  
ROBARTES, M.P., COLDSTREAM GDS



MAJOR-GEN. SIR THOMPSON CAPPER, D.S.O.,  
COMMANDING 7TH DIVISION.

Major Edward Sinclair Gooch served in the South African War (Queen's medal, five clasps). He was son of the late Mr. J. V. Gooch and Mrs. Gooch, Cooper's Hill, Bracknell. 2nd Lieut. Francis Gowan Taylor was the son of Judge Gowan Taylor, County Court Judge of Cumberland and Westmorland. Major-Gen. Sir Thompson Capper, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O., served with distinction with the Chitral Relief Force, in the Sudan, and in South Africa. 2nd Lieut. J. S. Garthorne Burrell, M.A., was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hearn Burrell, of Fulwood Park, Liverpool, who have three other sons holding commissions in his Majesty's forces. 2nd Lieut. R. W. Orr was well known as a golfer, both in England and Scotland.

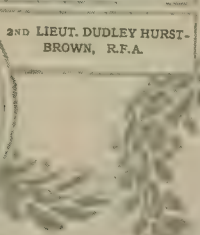
Capt. Harold T. Cawley was Liberal M.P. for the Heywood Division of Lancashire, second son of Sir Frederick Cawley, M.P. for Prestwich, and brother of Major J. S. Cawley, who was killed in September last year. Capt. Cawley had been Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Runciman and Mr. McKenna. Capt. the Hon. T. C. R. Agar-Robartes was the eldest son of Lord Clifden and Liberal M.P. for the St. Austell Division, Cornwall. He was a great friend of Mr. Neil Primrose, and best man at the recent wedding of the Earl of Rosebery's younger son. The heir to the Peerage is now Lord Clifden's second son, the Hon. Francis Gerald Agar-Robartes. Lieut.-Col. Harold D. Collison-Morley fought with distinction in the

[Continued on page 474]



## DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, STUART, LANGFIER, L.N.A., LAFAYETTE, MAULL AND FOX, NAUDIN, AND SWAINE.

LIEUT.-COL. A. G. W. GRANT,  
DEVONSHIRE REGT.LIEUT. A. W. B. CARLESS,  
MIDDLESEX REGT.LIEUT. C. H. N. SCHOLEY,  
RIFLE BRIGADE.LIEUT. A. J. SMITH,  
LONDON REGT.LIEUT. R. H. G. TROTTER,  
ROY. BERKSHIRE REGT.LT.-COL. H. D. COLLISON-MORLEY,  
LONDON REGT.LIEUT. A. N. V. H. OMMUNDSEN,  
HON ARTILLERY COMPANY.CAPTAIN R. L. G. HEATH,  
"QUEEN'S" R.W. SUR. REGT.CAPT. DOUGLAS CARMICHAEL,  
RIFLE BRIGADE.2ND LIEUT. J. H. MILES,  
ROYAL FUSILIERS.2ND LT. C. G. WEITZMANN,  
S. STAFFORDSHIRE REGT.LIEUT. LORD PETRE,  
COLDSTREAM GUARDS.MAJOR-GEN. G. H. THESIGER, C.B., C.M.G.,  
RIFLE BRIGADE.LIEUT. K. E. O'DUFFY,  
ROYAL MUNSTER FUSILIERS.LIEUT. W. A. LOCK,  
WILTSHIRE REGT.2ND LIEUT. E. J. WELD,  
R.F.A.2ND LIEUT. F. B. O'CARROLL,  
ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS.2ND LIEUT. DUDLEY HURST-  
BROWN, R.F.A.2ND LT. CECIL HURST-BROWN  
OXON AND BUCKS L. INFY.2ND LIEUT. E. CARINGTON  
ADAMS, LONDON REGT.2ND LIEUT. OLIVER EMANUEL,  
WILTSHIRE REGT.LIEUT.-COL. W. T. GAISFORD,  
SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.CAPT. A. C. GATHORNE-HARDY,  
SCOTTISH RIFLES.CAPTAIN JAMES REID,  
HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.MAJOR F. R. A. N. KNOLLYS,  
CITY OF LONDON YEOMANRY.

*Continued.*  
South African War, and was a clever artist. Lieut. H. Ommundsen was probably the world's finest shot, and his name figures in the National Rifle Association records at Bisley twice as often as the records of any two other marksmen of the present generation. Capt. Raymond L. G. Heath was a grandson of the late Admiral Sir Leopold Heath, K.C.B. Lieut. Lionel George Carroll Petre, sixteenth Baron Petre, was only twenty-four. He married, in 1913, Catherine Margaret, daughter of the Hon. John Richard de Clare Boscawen, and granddaughter of the sixth Viscount Falmouth. He leaves a son, born last year, who succeeds to the Peerage. Major-Gen. G. H. Thesiger, C.B., C.M.G., was the elder son of the late

Gen. the Hon. Charles Wemyss Thesiger, and a grandson of the first Lord Chelmsford. 2nd Lieut. Frank Brendan O'Carroll was son of Dr. and Mrs. O'Carroll, of Merriem Square, Dublin. 2nd Lieut. Oliver Emanuel was the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Emanuel, of Belsize Park, N.W. 2nd Lieut. Dudley Hurst-Brown, and his elder brother, 2nd Lieut. Cecil Hurst-Brown, were sons of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hurst-Brown, of Oxford Gardens, W. Capt. A. C. Gathorne-Hardy was son of the Hon. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy, Donnington Priory, Newbury, brother of the Earl of Cranbrook. Major Frederick R. A. N. Knollys was a nephew of Lord Knollys and of the Hon. Charlotte Knollys.



*Born 1820*

*—Still going strong.*



JOHNNIE WALKER (showing his passport) : "You recognise me, then?"

OFFICER : "Mais, oui ! Monsieur has only ze need to show himself and say, 'Still going strong,' and voila ! he go anywhere."



## THE NEW ART LIBRARY.

THE New Art Library (Seeley, Service) must not be judged by strict literary standards of criticism, or what should we say of the second sentence in Mr. Rex Vicat Cole's "Artistic Anatomy of Trees," the newly published fifth volume of the series? It begins: "When one has overcome the disagreeable feeling that this assumption implies, that of being set up on one's own little pedestal, one is able to be of more use than if one attempted——" If we are to seek for knowledge along the road of sentences such as these a large enthusiasm is necessary. Happily, Mr. Cole does not always offend, and, if he does write somewhat curiously, he reasons well and knows his subject. The weak point of his art theory is that he cannot understand how an object can be painted in convincing manner "without its mechanism being understood." To those who regard a picture as a harmony in colour and line such a view is deplorable; they will say that no amount of "mechanism understood" will make an artist, and no lack of it will avail to keep a great painter from the creation of a masterpiece. There are eyes that see far away beyond the limits of mechanism, and it is out of vision rather than knowledge of detail that immortal pictures are born. Mr. Rex Vicat Cole is quite an enthusiastic student of trees, and not only in their relation to pictures, and this enthusiasm leads him to include in his volume much that seems a little out of place in a New Art Library. It is not under such a heading that one would look for details of the distribution of trees in Europe, for example. The illustrations of the book are admirable; there are fifty examples of works, notable for the most part, in which trees play an important part; and more than three times as many drawings by the author, whose feeling for trees and admirable sense of their beauty are set out far more effectively with the pencil than with the pen. He brings

home to us the great part trees play in our lives: how they stimulate our sense of beauty, how largely they promote the satisfaction of the eye. He shows us, too, how those to whom the sense of that beauty came in overwhelming measure were able to set it down on canvas for all time, or at least for centuries; he helps even the country lover to look more lovingly on trees. Many who can use the pen as cleverly as Mr. Cole uses his pencil could not have done



THE CHIEF OF THE FRENCH ARMY OF THE VOSGES, AND OFFICERS OF THE FAMOUS CHASSEURS ALPINS: GENERAL MAUD'HUY EXPLAINING THE CONSTRUCTION OF A REDOUBT WITH MACHINE-GUNS.

General Maud'huy, who now commands the Army of the Vosges, began his military career in the Chasseurs à Pied. At the outbreak of war he was a Brigadier. After the Battle of the Marne, in which he did good service, he was appointed to command the 10th Army. The Chasseurs Alpains, it will be recalled, have greatly distinguished themselves in the Vosges. Last winter many of them fought on ski.

as much as this, and it is not his knowledge of "mechanism" or anatomy that convinces, though that is considerable, but something underlying this knowledge and far more important. Therefore, Mr. Cole's offences against the literary canon must be forgiven, *quia multum amavit*.

And fortunately, with such players as Miss Alice Belmore, Miss Frances Dillon, Mr. Frank Randell, Mr. Lauderdale Maitland, Mr. Newman Maurice, and Miss Janet Ross covering the parts or interests alluded to, he has secured also a very satisfactory cast.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "THE STORMY PETREL," AT THE CRITERION.

IT is mild, old-fashioned entertainment, as you guess from the first entry of its gouty old Admiral who quarrels with everybody within reach; but it makes you laugh from start to finish, and that is a prime merit just now. The "stormy petrel," however, who gives the title

to Mr. Strange Hall's farcical comedy is not the Admiral, but his independent step-daughter, who checkmates the tyrant's scheme of forcing his little girl into marriage with the wrong man, and, in countering the courtship of the latter—a middle-aged squire—learns to be fond of him herself. This game of cross-purposes ending in love, the younger woman's frustrated elopement, and the humours of the Admiral succeed in keeping the three acts going merrily, the author owing no small debt to the efforts of Mr. Arthur Chesney as Admiral, Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw as squire, and Miss Margaret Halstan as "stormy petrel."

## "BETWEEN TWO WOMEN," AT THE LYCEUM.

What one likes about Lyceum melodramas is that they are strongly spiced, and yet true to type. "Between Two Women" is of the traditional Melville pattern. With his two women of contrasted type (one so angelically virtuous and the other so luridly wicked), with a hero suspected of murder and a parson ready to commit murder, with the broadest of comic relief and with pathos produced by the situation of a blind child whose mother has deserted him, it is obvious that the playwright has got just the sort of material to appeal to unsophisticated audiences.

With such players as Miss Alice Belmore, Miss Frances Dillon, Mr. Frank Randell, Mr. Lauderdale Maitland, Mr. Newman Maurice, and Miss Janet Ross covering the parts or interests alluded to, he has secured also a very satisfactory cast.



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The Lady's Case illustrated is made of Green Morocco Leather, lined with Green Fâille Silk, and is fitted with a solid silver-mounted Toilet Suite, engine-turned "Fox-head" pattern, with engraved borders. The standards are made to lift out, and patent springs are fitted to the lid. Size 20 inches long, 15 inches wide, and 8 inches deep.

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The "Carron" Range is also equipped with hot closet, thermometer to oven, pedal door opener, rising and falling bottom-grate, boiler, etc.

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Write to-day for No. 54L, Carron Range Pamphlet, free, which gives full particulars.

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And at

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One of Burberrys' 1915 creations.  
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TEA FROCK**

Adapted from an exclusive Paris Model, and made by our own skilled workers, in rich quality Silk Charmeuse, with new full pleated skirt, either short or long, and loosely draped bodice finished with Charmeuse Cabochon, chiffon under-bodice and sleeves. In black, white, and all colours.

**78/6**

The value of this frock is quite exceptional.

**FUR RENOVATIONS AND REMODELLING.**

Many ladies who under ordinary circumstances would have purchased new furs will this Season probably determine to have their old furs renovated and remodelled. As the new Winter Models are ready, customers can rely on their furs being remodelled in the newest shapes and at particularly moderate prices.

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**Light, Lace Shoes**

SOME of us cannot wear anything but very light shoes, yet do not care to trip about, at all times of day, in a pair of high-heeled pumps. And it has always been a puzzle to find a nice light lace shoe with a sufficiently low heel.

Here now is the very shoe, Lotus No. 95. It is the kindest and most comfortable of shoes, cut from fine, silky, glace kid, is beautifully light and, in its own quiet way, one of the most refined and graceful styles in the Lotus range.

So, do not go away with a pair of shoes even a trifle too heavy, next time. Ask for this light lace shoe, No. 95, and just try how comfortable it is.

**Lotus**

Letters: Lotus Limited, Stafford  
Makers of Lotus and Delta Shoes. Agents everywhere



## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**Old Timers.** War has stopped a number of those annual reunions of various sports, but the cycling brigade of the seventies and eighties, among whom are a number of men now interested in motors and motoring, are going to hold the "Old Timers" dinner at Frascati's on Wednesday, Oct. 27. This yearly gathering of riders of the old high bicycles and of tricycles will be presided over by Mr. Shirley Fussell, of the Pickwick Club, who was the secretary of the Hampton Court meets, of which the last was held about thirty-three years ago. The Hon. Sec. of the dinner is Mr. W. J. Harvey, Holly Lodge, Gunnersbury, London, W., who will gladly forward particulars to any who consider themselves qualified as "old timers" to attend.

**German Tyres.** It has been truly said that "straws show which way the wind blows." English roads were well plastered with advertisement signs of German tyres, and rumour hath stated that these were part of the direction posts of the enemy should he land on these shores. Whether this is so or not, the Zeppelin raids have drawn attention to the matter, for the reason that the fabric of the envelope is made in the same factory as the German tyres. Why should our roads be disfigured by these German signs? Further, the number of agents who

beyond understanding, unless the motor and cycle trader has lost all sense of patriotism. Why, then, are these advertisements allowed to remain? Many agents have taken them down, but why do not all the members of the British motor industry do the same? Zeppelin nocturnal slaughters of innocent civilians are no airy phantoms, yet in the face of this behaviour these signs remaining are but a striking example of the complacency of the British public to a dastardly performance on the part of our enemy.

**C.A.V. Output.** Because Messrs. C. A. Vandervell and Co., the makers of electric-lighting and other fittings for motor-cars, are executing large Government contracts, a false rumour has got circulated that the factories at Acton and Birmingham had been taken over by the authorities. The public can still be supplied with C.A.V. specialties, as the extension of their works at Acton, now covering over seven acres, has allowed this firm not only to execute all the Government orders, but to give their usual attention to private customers and the trade as well.

**Russian Ambulances.** At the request of the British Ambassador at Petrograd, an appeal has been issued by the Royal Automobile Club for

organisations associated with it throughout the kingdom. Contributions from one shilling to £500 have been received, and therefore motorists need have no



PUT TO THE TEST ON SCOTTISH GRADIENTS:  
A STANDARD 9'5 CAR.

The car shown above, turned out by the Standard Motor Company, Ltd., has been giving incontrovertible evidence of its value and capabilities to advantage this summer in Scotland, where its owner, after a holiday spent at a Scottish country house, has expressed himself as more than satisfied with it.

fear that their "mite" will be not welcomed for this excellent cause.

**Car Prices.** Just a word of advice on the Budget as it affects motorists, though by the time these lines will appear that "nine days wonder" will have retired to obscurity again. In America all the makers of cars that have any considerable market in England have reduced their prices to a sum that entirely covers the duty, with few exceptions. Therefore the British public that wants to buy these goods have only to wait a short time and they will see the old prices of such cars again in the announcements of the traders' lists and catalogues. Therefore, don't be rushed into placing your orders by the pushing agent who states, "Buy now or else you will pay more." *Au contraire*, as our friends across the Channel say, wait, and you will pay no more, and maybe less, as goodness knows where the 600,000 pleasure cars built last year in the U.S.A. have all gone to; they certainly were not all sold, so there must be an accumulated stock somewhere that has got to be passed on to the buying public throughout the world, and the output this year is to be further increased.

W. W.



FOR POSTAL WORK WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN THE FIELD: 15-20-H.P. TALBOTS  
BUILT TO THE ORDER OF THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.

The Clement-Talbot Company have sent a great many Talbot cars to our Eastern ally. Those seen above are part of a fleet of 15-20-h.p. Talbots commissioned by the Russian War Department for postal services in the field. They have, it is stated, given excellent service, under motoring conditions of exceptional severity.

have these signs affixed to their premises and allow their names to appear as stockists of these German goods is

Alexandra will inspect the ambulances when ready. The Club is being assisted in this work by the motor

# Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco

To the tired man "Three Nuns" is more than merely a delightful tobacco—it is a charm to make him forget weariness, disappointment, or the reverses of that fickle jade—Fortune.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow

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**"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES**

MEDIUM, **4d. for 10.**





## Wolsey's Triumph

WHAT we have said for years about pure wool, this War has proved for ever. Look at the health of our gallant men, amid every weather - hardship. What is the secret?

*Every man wears pure wool next his skin!*

Never again let the health-protecting power of Wool be questioned. How many a precious life in this great war has pure wool not saved!

And "Wolsey" is the wool-wear you should choose, as surely as you should choose wool itself. For Wolsey offers you sure *value* in quality, in fit, in comfort, in service, in absolute reliability, as you cannot get elsewhere.

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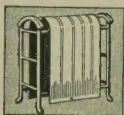
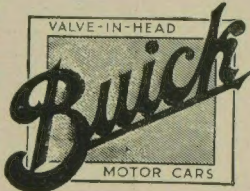


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Restores Grey or White Hair to its original colour, where the glands are not destroyed. Prevents Dandruff, and the Hair from coming out. Restores and Strengthens the Hair.

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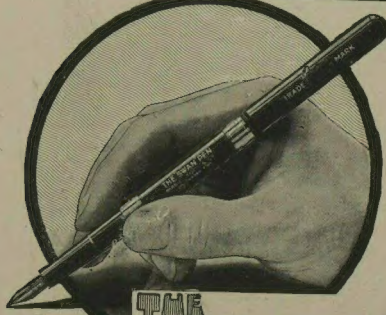
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makes the skin soft as velvet and pearly white. Removes tan, freckles, pimples, and all other disfiguring blemishes. It is perfectly harmless, and no one can detect its use. ORIENTAL CREAM does not contain grease, so does not encourage the growth of superfluous hair. It has stood the Test of nearly three-quarters of a century on two continents.

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Simply press a button and the back declines or automatically rises to any position. Release the button and the back is instantly locked. The sides open outwards, affording easy access and exit. The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations and when not in use it slides under the seat. Catalogue C7 of Adjustable Chairs post free. J. FOOT & SON, LTD., 171, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.



## CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

P H WILLIAMS.—We are only too pleased to be one of the beneficiaries of your overflow.

A M SPARKES (Lincoln).—Will you look at the effect of 1. R takes P (dis ch), etc.?

A A JAMES (Kinsale, Co. Cork).—A problem whose solution begins with a check is quite inadmissible nowadays.

W WINTER (Alton, Hants).—Another solution by 1. R to Q 3rd (ch), K to B 7th; 2. R to B 3rd (ch), K to K 8th; 3. Kt mates.

E B SMITH (Belen, New Mexico, U.S.A.).—We have tried to make the matter clear, but an expert local player would probably be more useful. Your stamps are useless.

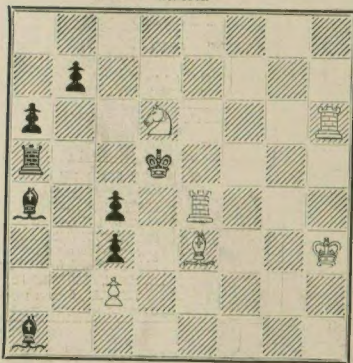
CHARLES WILLING (Philadelphia).—Again many thanks.

K P DE (Rangoon).—We acknowledge receipt of your new problem.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3713.—By A. M. SPARKES.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to B 5th. Any move.  
4. Q, R, Kt mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 3716.—By O. H. LABONE.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3710 received from C A M (Penang), and Professor Dè (Rangoon); of No. 3711 from C A M, Professor Dè, and R Tidmarsh (Vernon, B.C.); of No. 3712 from A Aguir (Gibraltar), J B Camara (Madeira), and Charles Willing (Atlantic City); of No. 3713 from J B Camara, A Aguir, Jesus C. (Trubia, Spain), H P Cole (Tunbridge Wells), and A V Markwell (Guralla, Greece); of No. 3714 from Jacob Verrall (Ridmell), Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth), Fidelitas, J Marshall Bell (Buckhaven), J J Dennis (Gosport), L Chomé La Roque, T Tilsley (Weston-super-Mare), T T Gurney (Cambridge), and H P Cole.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3715 received from T T Gurney, Sergeant H Terry (Exeter), Corporal Jackson (Ashton-in-Makerfield), E J Winter Wood (Paignton), Blair H Cochrane (Harting), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), J J Dennis, M E Onslow, R Worters (Canterbury), Rev. J Christie (Redditch), J Forbes (Brighton), J Fowler, G Wilkinson (Bristol), J F G Pietersen (Kingswinford), R C Durell (South Woodford), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), T S Rogers (Lincoln's Inn), H Grasset Baldwin (Kingsussie), Captain Challice, and A H Arthur (Bath).

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the inter-city match between the Manhattan Chess Club, of New York, and the Franklin Chess Club, of Philadelphia.  
(Scotch Game.)

WHITE. BLACK.  
(Mr. Rosenthal) (Mr. Rafferty)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd  
3. P to Q 4th P takes P  
4. Kt takes P Kt to B 3rd  
5. Kt to Q B 3rd B to Kt 5th  
6. Kt takes Kt B takes Kt (ch)

Kt P takes Kt is Black's best reply, and leaves White with little in the way of attack. The text move only serves to develop the first player's game.

7. P takes B Q P takes Kt  
8. B to Q 3rd Castles  
9. Castles Q to Q 3rd  
10. Q to K B sq Kt to Kt 5th  
11. P to K B 4th B to K 3rd  
12. P to K R 3rd Q to B 4th (ch)

Again giving his opponent the benefit of a move, as the check is clearly a useless one, from every point of view.

13. K to R sq Kt to B 3rd  
14. B to K 3rd Q to K 2nd

The Championship of the Western Chess Association of the United States has been won by the veteran master, Mr. J. W. Showalter, who evidently desires to emulate the achievements of Mr. Blackburne on this side of the water.

We have no hesitation in saying that of all the works relating to Chess published from one year's end to the other, the most valuable to the ordinary player is the little book here under review, "The Year-Book of Chess, 1914," edited by M. W. Stevens. London—Frank Hollings, Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C. Price 3s. net. He will find in it a complete record of the leading tournaments of the preceding twelvemonth, wherever they were played, with their best games copiously annotated by the foremost authorities. He can thus put himself in possession of the very latest fashions in theory and practice to the enhancement of his reputation when he next plays at his club. An exposition of one of the minor openings will enable him to spring deadly surprises on his first selected victim, while a few hours' devotion to the study of endings by Rink or Troitzky will endow him with the power of snatching victory out of apparently hopeless defeat. At any rate, a grateful critic desires to record his appreciation of the worth of this untiring volume, and give it the heartiest commendation in his power.

## A NEW NOVEL.

"Guy and Pauline."

No one writing at the present day can express the heart of youth as satisfactorily as Mr. Compton Mackenzie. His writing is sad, because he never loses sight of the transiency of the many-splendoured thing; but the sadness



PRESENTED TO ALDERMAN G. A. TOUCHE, M.P., SHERIFF-ELECT OF LONDON: A CHAIN AND BADGE OF OFFICE.

The chain and badge were presented to Mr. George Alexander Touche, M.P., Alderman of the Ward of Walbrook, by friends and inhabitants of the Ward on his election as Sheriff of the City of London. They were designed and made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, W.

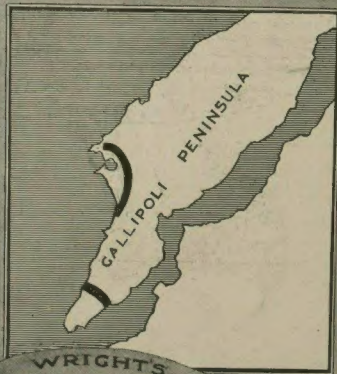
filters through slowly. At first, in "Guy and Pauline" (Martin Secker) all that is to be seen is a delightful and unworldly family, the genesis of a poet, the intoxication of a young man and a maiden very much in love. How young they are, and how much in love they are! Nothing so alive and feminine as Pauline has been seen inside a book since Jenny Pearl laughed for sheer joy of life in London with a lover. Yet Jenny, as we know, ended sadly; and so, it appears, it has been necessary for Pauline to end—in a less spotted, less tragic collapse of high affections, it is true, but none the less in a descent from an ecstasy of comradeship to a bruised and quivering solitude. Mr. Compton Mackenzie spares his lovers nothing but the sudden end of passion battered into the matrimonial habit, a Guy and a Pauline declining into the unsuccessful poet married to bankruptcy and a wife with nerves. But are we to understand there is really no alternative? We cannot help hoping we shall meet Guy and Pauline again, with a happier future before them.

Send him Soap

The need of Soap (of the (W)right sort) is greatly felt in the DARDANELLES. Send your soldier friend a Box of

WRIGHT'S  
COAL  
TAR  
SOAP

HE WILL APPRECIATE IT.



"After you with the Soap."

Extract from a letter received from the front:—  
"Just a line to let you know I received one of Queen Alexandra's parcels, which came very acceptable, especially the small tablet of soap, as we cannot get any on the Peninsula for love or money."

You should have seen the boys following me down for a wash. They were all shouting, 'After you with a rub of the soap,' so I can tell you I never had much left by the time they were all finished."

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No. 1.—Smock in Crêpe de Chine, dainty colours, blue, pink, gold, sage, vieux rose, cinnamon brown, and white, in various sizes, 20 in. long, for child about 2½ to 3 years.

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